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AN EFFECTIVE BATTERING RAM IN THE HANDS OF THE RIGHT MEN.



#### INDIGNATION.

The nation's indignation culminated in the banishment of the princes of the blood.

"Their royal highnesses are not earning their salaries," said the arrogant proletariat.

Retribution was swift and terrible.

It was only a few months until the occasion arose, in the natural course of business, for the cementing of some bonds of amity with the United States of America.

The nation sent over a mere statesman.

Of course the captains of industry could not see this person. He had to pay his own bill at the Waldorf-Astoria. The Administration at Washington received him as coldly as if he had been the lieutenant-general commanding the army. The plain people remarked lightly on the crust of him and passed on, while the great Metropolitan newspapers interviewed him only on the days when there were no murders and rain stopped the ball games.

Naturally no bonds to speak of were cemented.



#### HE BOASTS.

"A bur-rglar, no less! An' ye were n't a bit afeerd av him?"

"Afeerd av him? Sure, I run him in loike I wud a refor-rmer!"

#### THE WEATHER-PROPHET.



SING HO, the Weather-Prophet! He says the day will be  
Quite warm, and that the wind will briskly blow  
southwesterly;  
And when the fisher goeth to angle in the deep  
Wroth doth he wax as storm breaks forth and  
leadens heavens weep.

Sing ho, the Weather Prophet! He doth  
foretell the rain,  
And that the eastern wind approacheth o'er the  
stormy main.  
The hopeful farmer thinketh he now will save  
his crop;  
But weeks pass by in desert drought, it raineth  
not one drop.

Sing ho, the Weather-Prophet! predicteth in this wise:  
"A rising temperature will be attended by clear skies."  
And when the Maying-party into the woods doth go,  
Right coldly blows the northern blast and damply falls the snow

Sing ho, the Weather-Prophet! is hardly worth his salt;  
This would not be if his predictions always were at fault  
And one could turn 'em endwise, and bring the truth to light;—  
The Prophet's so contrary that he sometimes gets 'em right.

Bennet Musson.



#### FAREWELL CONCERT.

MR. GRIMALKIN.—Miss Vowler gave a concert on the back fence last night. It was *positively* her last appearance!

MR. MALTESE.—Humph! Same old fake, eh?

MR. GRIMALKIN.—No! Fact, I assure you. There was a man in the audience with a shotgun.

**Q**uite a number of us believe in a strenuous life and would lead one if it were not so much trouble.



# PUCK



## THE ANSWER.

TEACHER.—A poor man starts out with ten dollars in his pocket to pay some bills. He owes five dollars for rent, two for groceries, two for coal;—what does he have when he returns?  
SCHOLAR.—Dead easy!—A jag, a new hat, and a turkey!

## NO DELAY.

HIS SON.—Oppenheimer vants t'irty days gredit undt he vants der revusal of der goots until to-morrow.

ISAACS.—If he vants t'irty days gredit I vill give him a revusal righdt away. Tell him I vould n't sell him dem goots at all.



## HIS METHOD OF SELECTION.

"Five horses running and you pick Hoodoo?"  
"That's right! I have dead-sure tips on the other four!"

## ITS HARMLESSNESS.

"Although we've had Prohibition in this State for twenty-one years," said the landlord of the Atlantic and Pacific Hotel, at Boomopolis, Kansas, in reply to the inquiry of a tourist from Connecticut, "it don't 'pear to have injured the inickertous rum traffic to any serious extent; and, besides that, it has been the means of insertin' into office a good many otherwise hopeless failures, whom in the ordinary course of events we might have been compelled to support by private subscriptions. Nope! Prohibition hain't such a frivolous institution as you might think, if you just look at it in the right way!"

## AN ARMORIAL OPPORTUNITY.

SIDNEY.—Then you believe in a coat-of-arms?

RODNEY.—Yes. Almost any newly-rich American can be benefited by adopting a good Latin motto to live up to.

## SAVING HIM THE TROUBLE.

LAWYER.—You know you are not obliged to incriminate yourself.

CLIENT.—No. I s'pose there 'll be plenty to attend to that, all right!

## POPULAR? WHEW!

SHE.—Not very popular in the clubs, eh?  
HE.—I should say not! He knows when to quit in a poker game.

QUITE a number of people would agree to follow the Golden Rule if everybody else would.



## A DIFFERENT THOUGHT.

"That 's Charley Lighthouse who was so attentive to me last Summer."  
"Is it still 'two souls with but a single thought'?"  
"Why, yes; I think so—how to avoid each other."

WHEN EDDIE VII WAS KING.

AN HISTORICAL NOVEL OF THE YEAR 1902.



CHAPTER I.

We used to be pretty poor, down in Bottomless Pit, Texas; but since they struck oil on our property Dad buys a new plug of tobacco every time he wants to take a fresh chew. As for me, this country ain't fit for a gentleman to live in. I think I'll go to London and be—what do they call it?—a regular bloomin' toff.

CHAPTER II.

Dear old Lunnon! I'm getting so I talk the lingo like a bally, bloomin' Britisher for fair. The day peace was declared a fellow came up to me on the street and said: "Blarst me! But this his a great day for hus Hinglish, hain't hit?" I felt pretty good to think he took me for a fellow-Englishman until I found that he was a New Jersey man, working the same racket as myself. He borrowed a fi'-pun note from me, too, the blawrsted duffer.

CHAPTER III.

I got acquainted with the present Duke of Wellington to-day. He drinks whenever invited, but never buys, and he has fringe on his pants—trousers, I should say—for fair. Still, he's a bloody Duke, so what do I care? We passed William Waldorf Astor on the street, and the Duke and myself gave him a severe look, as he is not hunks with the King, God bless 'im!

Willy did n't seem to care, though. Guess he is getting calloused to calamity.

CHAPTER IV.

Paid a fellow ten pun for a window to witness the coronation parade; but when I inquired the way to the house I found it was two miles off the line of march. I felt pretty tired, however, from drinking high-balls and hollering "God save the King!" So I thought I would go around and sit down for awhile. When I got there I found the place was a station-house. I had on me knee-breeches and a gag of Houligans hooted me all the way home.

CHAPTER V.

The Duke of Wellington introduced me to his handsome niece one day last week, and she got pretty familiar, I thought, on short acquaintance.

Borrowed my diamond pin to wear to the Queen's drawing-room. I did n't like to refuse, as I guess that's the way with the nobility. We played ping-pong for two pun a game. Played forty-eight games, but I did n't win a single set.



AN EXALTED OPINION.

"You don't think she's as pretty as she thinks she is?"  
"Well, no; but, perhaps, nobody is as pretty as *she* thinks she is!"

CHAPTER VI.

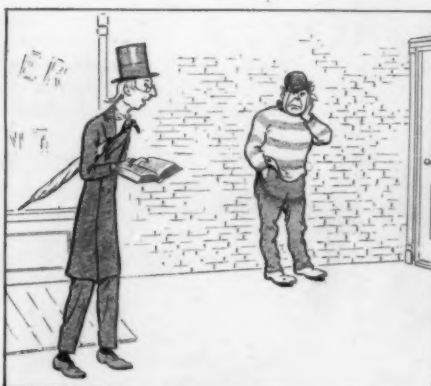
I was hollering "Good old Kitchener!" in a pub to-day, when a fellow butted me in the stomach with his head. He said he was an American, and that his grandfather licked the British at Lundy's Lane.

ALMOST PERSUADED.



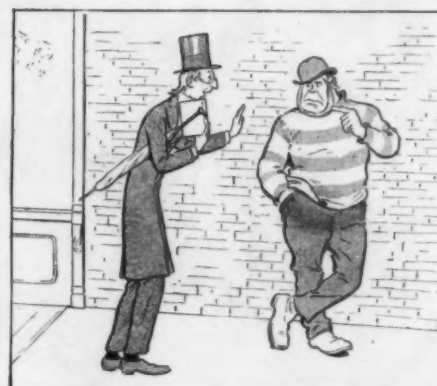
I.

CHRISTIAN SCIENTIST.—How true it is! Pain is but a sinful thought.



II.

CHRISTIAN SCIENTIST.—Ah! There is a poor, ignorant fellow.



III.

CHRISTIAN SCIENTIST.—My friend, why do you wear that bandage?  
BRUTE BROGAN.—Can't yer see I've got der toot'ache, yer lobster?



# PUCK



## HE PROTESTS.

SHE.—Don't stand there as if you wanted to get rid of me!  
HE.—My dear, I was n't thinking of anything of the kind—just now!

He also said that he could lick any blawrsted Britisher that ever breathed. I told him I guessed he could, but that I was an American, too. Then he punched me again.

## CHAPTER VII.

Went to Epsom yesterday, and seeing Sir Thomas Lipton there I asked him for a tip. He said he had just joined an anti-tipping club. I lost all day, so I tried to get square in the last race. There were only four horses in the race, three English and one American. I plunged on all the English horses, but the American won the race. I started to holler "fake," when a constable came up and run me in.

## CHAPTER VIII.

The Duke of Wellington came around to my hotel this morning in a towering rage. Swore I could n't loan diamond pins to his niece with impunity. He threatened to sue me for breach-of-promise and I had to give him five hundred pun to drop the case. The proprietor of the hotel asked me to leave. Said he could n't entertain any guest who was as thick as I was with "Billy, the Bunk." Guess the Duke is an impostor.

I'm going back to the States to-morrow.

AUTHOR'S NOTE: It will be observed that, although this is an historical novel, the hero and narrator of the tale, in the language of the day, "gets the worst of it" in every chapter. It is confidently believed that in this particular feature the novel is without a parallel in all historical fiction.

W. S. Adkins.

## NORA.

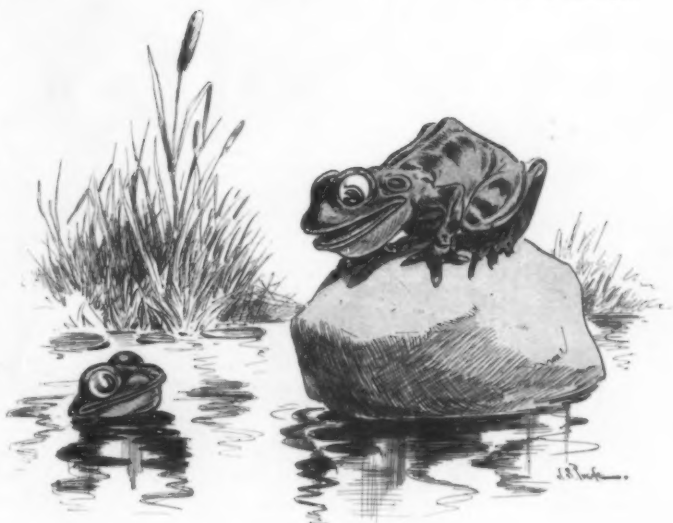
WHIN NORA came down to th' shtamer  
For to meet me jes' over frum Cork,  
"Ah! Cushla ma chree,  
Is it Paddy," sez she,  
"Roight here wid me now in Noo York?"

"'T is a long wry yer comin', me Patsy,  
For a shlip av a gurl loike me!  
For a bit av a kiss  
No better thin this,  
'T is th' long way ye 're thravelin'," sez she.

But there I shtill held her forninst me,  
Wid a thrace av a tear in her eye.  
"For a year an' a day  
I'd be thravelin' that way,  
For to hould such a blossom!" sez I.

"For tin hunder' thousand toimes further  
Sure a bit av a sunbeam it goes  
Frum th' hivins on high  
To be kissin'," sez I,  
"No foiner nor swater a rose!"

Arthur Stringer.

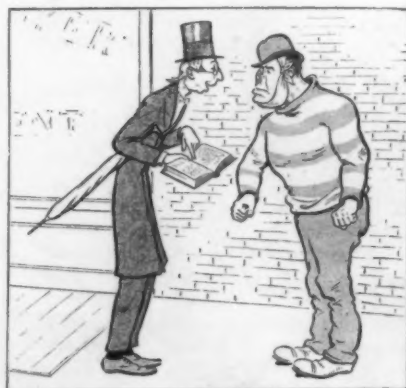


## THE OLD STORY.

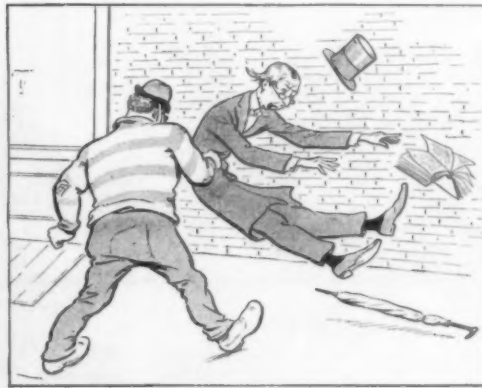
"You look amused."  
"Yes. I've been listening to a native telling a city  
man that there is n't any malaria around here."

## PREFERABLE.

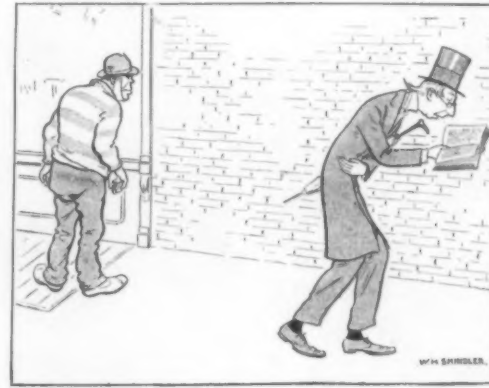
STELLA.—I see somebody has invented a device to keep your  
shoelace tied.  
BELLA.—How silly! What's the matter with a man?



IV.  
CHRISTIAN SCIENTIST.—But, my friend,  
there is no such thing as pain. If you will  
read this chapter—



V.  
BRUTE BROGAN.—How 's dai for a pain?



VI  
CHRISTIAN SCIENTIST.—Could I possibly have  
been mistaken?

## PUCK



### AN ANNOUNCEMENT.

"Dis way fer de show, ladies an' gents! One cent admission. Parints half price. Parints what is not accompanied by dere kids is not admitted! Dis way fer de show!"

### AS IT MAY BE IN 1905.

"Er—what have we at the moment in the vicinity of Longitude 20?" queried the Chief Dispatcher.

The Wireless Telegrapher of the Cosmopolitan Transportation Company referred to his ship-sheet. "I'll see," he responded. "U'm-m! Bound West, the 'Plutocratic' has just passed into block 39, with the 'Quassia,' the 'City of Sodom,' and the 'Kaiser Wilhelm der Grösste' following at the regulation distance; bound East, the 'Titanic,' 'City of Gomorrah,' 'Volcanic,' 'Bruder Heinrich,' 'Autocratic' and 'Nausea' are meeting and passing the others—all on time, except the 'Nausea,' which is thirty-five seconds late."

"H'mph!" commented the Chief, sarcastically. "Present my compliments to the 'Nausea,' will you, and inquire if she means to take all day to get across. Direct the 'City of Sodom' to lift the cashier of the Nineteenth National Bank from the 'Bruder Heinrich' and bring him back to New York in irons. Inform the Rev. Mr. Preachley on the 'City of Gomorrah' that his mother-in-law is dead; funeral Friday at 2 P. M. Ask Mr. Carnegie, on the 'Plutocrat,' and Mr. Widener, on the 'Titanic,' if they will kindly step to their respective 'phones, as Mr. Yerkes, on the 'Autocratic,' desires a short consultation with them. And order every vessel in blocks 38, 39 and 40 to look out sharp for Mr. Morgan's quintuple-screw special flyer, which has the right of way for the next four minutes."



### A STERN CHASE.

"I'll get out a warrant for that chauffeur's arrest."

"What you'll need are extradition papers if he keeps up that rate of speed."

### ENCOURAGEMENT.

When they take the beautiful woman from the wreck she begs to be let to die.

"I have nothing to live for!" she cries.

"You are mistaken as to that," they argue, gently. "For, see, what a swell shape the collision has battered your hat into!"

Now she opens her eyes, and it is plain that new courage has entered her heart.

### BASIS OF ENMITY.

"But how, pray, can a man be his own worst enemy?"

"Well, I should think it might rather easily come about through his trying to raise flowers and keep hens, too," observed the suburbanite, after a moment's reflection.

### LIVING.

"I can not live without you!"

Geraldine's satin slipper beat the carpet impatiently.

"You have told other girls that!" she said, with *froidueur*.

"Yes; but on my honor as a gentleman, never when the cost of living was what it is this Summer!" protested Bevis, falling on his knees before her.

### GROUND.

The father of the college man was curiously conceited, we thought; and we finally asked him, bluntly, on what rational grounds he deemed himself of any importance whatever.

"Why, if it were not for me how could my son ever get to use that fine academic word 'Pater?'" said the fellow, swelling.

We could but confess that this was a view of the matter new to us; and we privately resolved to give it further thought.

THAT THE truth is mighty is shown by the fact that only very strong organizations, like the W. C. T. U., can monkey with it with impunity.



### THE HAPPY MAN.

The pretty girl has in her train Full many an earnest striver; But some day there will be a wreck With only one survivor.

**A**fter all, the most serviceable presidential timber seems to be the timber which is not too large to bend.





## PUCK

### PUCK

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## CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

### PROTECTION IN THEORY AND PRACTICE.

HERE WE have a little composition about the tariff. In it are included three definitions. The first definition we take from Mr. Webster's big book of words. "Tariff — A list of duties to be paid on goods imported or exported." That is simple and satisfactory. The next definition we condense from several Republican platforms, being careful to preserve its high idealistic tone. "Tariff — Duties which protect American producers, large and small, from foreign competition and cheap labor." See if you can distinguish the halo which is hovering near. After that, read the third definition. "Tariff — Duties which help to restrain trade and kill competition; which bestow upon trusts the power absolute over price and output; which make American goods cheaper in European markets than they are here." Which of these definitions do you like the best? Which do you think is correct? Tariff Reform and Free Trade are not synonymous terms. The theory of protection and the practice of protection are likewise two different things. The theory protects the independent producer from the inroads of the foreigner. The practice protects the trust from the independent producer and in like measure enables it to make a monkey of the buyer who imagines himself independent. Tariff Reform scarcely means to benefit American Industries by destroying them, despite all that the average high protectionist may say to the contrary. Those monopolistic combinations which prey upon the public it means to break up. Superfluous duties on over-protected articles it means to abolish. Low prices in Europe and high prices at home for the same American product it means to make commercially impossible. There is no room here for party division any more than there was when free silver had the floor. It is a question of simple justice, reduced to its lowest terms. Sharp fighting will be necessary of course before the end is achieved as "The Infant Industries" — poor teething tots — will yell lustily at the slightest show of legislative action. Nevertheless the fight will be fought and in time won. Cuba has no monopoly on the right to be relieved.

### WASHINGTON AND HIS CHUM.

ACCORDING to a Senator named Stevens, we must be prepared for the worst if Germany's statue of Frederick the Great ever gets a foothold on American soil. Senator Stevens will cease to be responsible for the United States the moment the Kaiser's ancestor, in majestic bronze, is recorded among those present at Washington. He sees in the Kaiser's offer a vision of compromising entanglements with a foreign power; the bronze Frederick expanded, or contracted, as the case may be, to a flesh and blood William. The propriety or the impropriety of accepting the proffered statue seems to hinge upon a statement attributed to Frederick the Great at the time of the American revolution. Did he once say of George Washington: "There is a chap I like?" If he did, then perhaps he deserves a pedestal in this country. If he did not, then Senator Stevens, though discredited like Cassandra, may be right in his prophecy. Still it is not nice, after giving gala nights and good cigars to Prince Henry last Winter, to reverse ourselves and be mean to his brother, the Kaiser. If Senator Stevens or anybody else believes it will compromise this country to accept the Emperor's gift, let diplomacy be resorted to, not harsh accusation. Let the statue of Frederick meet its fate in the New York Custom House. There the duties on an imported work of art are so high that the Kaiser will refuse to pay and will take the statue back home.

That is one solution of the difficulty. Another would be a conditional acceptance of the gift. We would take the statue and admit that Frederick and George Washington were boys together if Germany would cease its present hostility to American foodstuffs and American-made goods. Such an arrangement would be mutually advantageous. Nevertheless, somebody might even object to this, and we have but one more suggestion to offer. Present to Germany, in return for the bronze Frederick, a life-like statue of Captain, now Rear Admiral, Coghlan in the act of reciting "Hoch der Kaiser." Then, if there is destined to be real trouble between this country and Germany, it will begin right off and the strain of suspense will be averted. Above all, let us not be rude.

CUBA'S TASTE OF BRYANISM. MR. BRYAN of Nebraska is a victim of habit's force. Ever since the Fall of 1896, the time of his first campaign tour, he has indulged a propensity for collecting gloomy views. Having demonstrated to his own satisfaction the ultimate ruin of the United States, Mr. Bryan lately turned his attention to Cuba. There the idol of the Populist so promptly unearthed "signs of internal disension" that President Palma immediately issued a soothing denial. "If Mr. Bryan," wrote the Cuban executive, "really thought he heard the distant roll of revolutionary drums and whispered call to arms in this island when he was here, then the people of Cuba, all of us, have cotton in our ears." Ah! but Col. Bryan had no cotton in his ears. The reliable boom-boom of his ear drums, unmuffled and irrepressible, marked time with the tramp of revolutionary feet. Mr. Bryan should not be blamed for interrupting the inaugural ceremony with dismal prophecies. He glories in gloom and finds it in everything except the Kansas City platform. Somebody should take President Palma off to one side and tell him how it is.

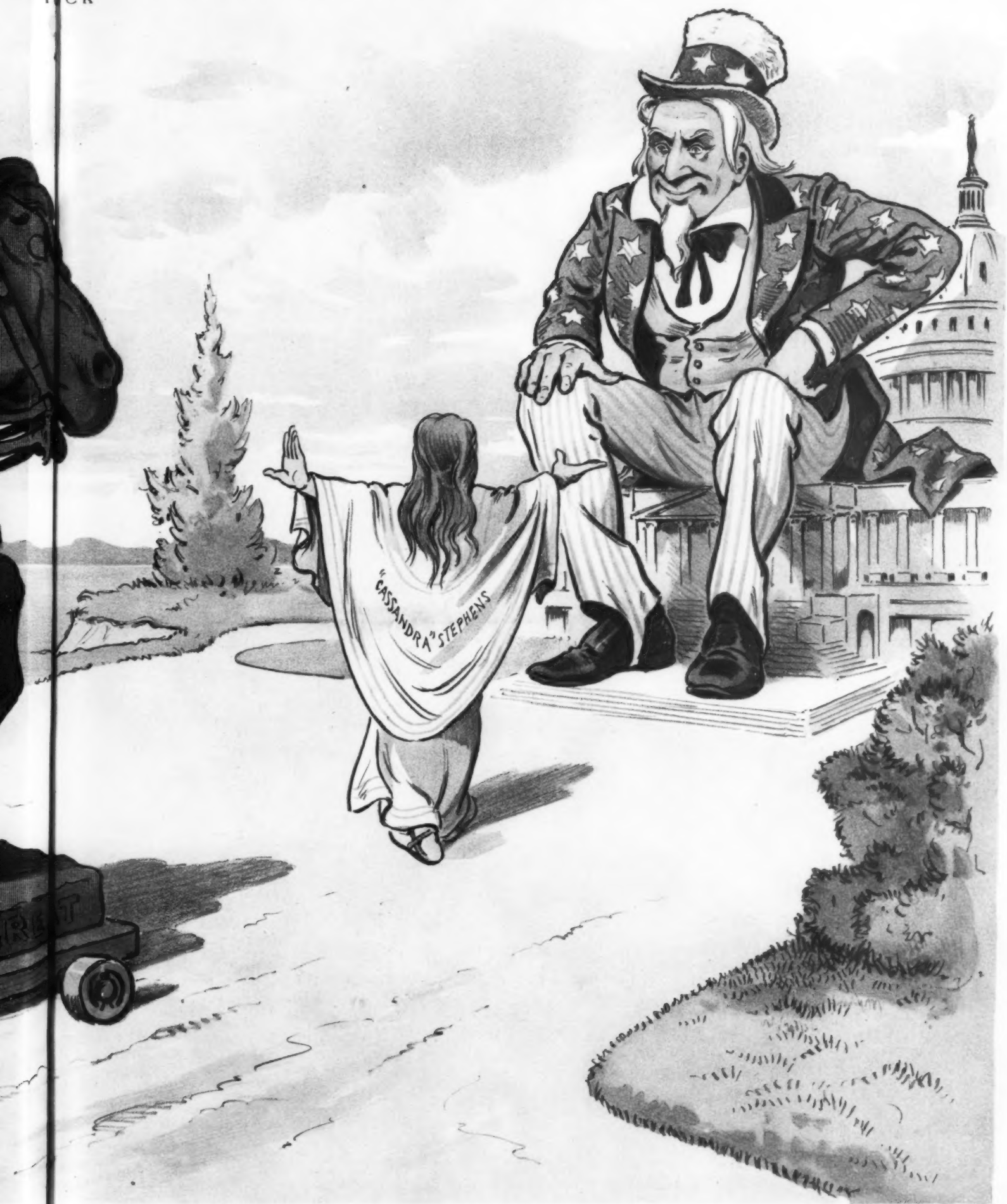


### HER REASON.

EDITH.—Why did you refuse him?  
ETHEL.—He has a past.  
EDITH.—But he can blot it out.  
ETHEL.—Perhaps; but he can't use me for a blotter.







J. OTTMANN LITH. CO. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.

H. P. PECK'S WILD NIGHT.



Henry Perkins Peck is the best-trained husband in the United States. Furtively roguish in appearance when beyond the confines of Hemtown, L. I., he is a model of side-whiskered gravity and propriety in Hemtown, where he dwells as the husband of Mrs. Henry Perkins Peck and the leading coal, wood, hay and grain merchant of the place. Mr. Peck learned long ago the value of discipline and the worth of quick and unflinching obedience. At the Peck home when Mrs. Peck requests that the furnace be attended to it is attended to—not bimeby, but at once. The actual time elapsing between the issuance of the request and the moment when the furnace pipes rattle is never greater than thirty-two seconds. You may be sure that even while Mr. Peck is bounding down the cellar stairs in deference to Mrs. Peck's suggestion he is engaged in pulling up his coat sleeves and turning back his attached cuffs. Henry Perkins Peck tends strictly to business; he never mutters. One Sunday morning some years ago Mr. Peck was shaving when Mrs. Peck announced her immediate need of a fresh egg from the barn; Mr. Peck wiped the lather from his face with unnecessary deliberation, put on his coat with painful slowness, and then started for the barn; as he went he *muttered*. He has never done it since; for Mrs. Peck distinctly heard him and made him confess. She proved to him that it is as reprehensible to mutter as it is dangerous to delay.

Last Tuesday afternoon Henry P. Peck informed Mrs. Henry P. Peck that he was going to New York to remain over night. He explained that he had to see a gentleman whom he could find at leisure only in the evening. Therefore the enforced absence from home. Mr. Peck went. Mrs. Peck was on the same train and took the same ferry-boat for the metropolis. She had doubts as to the exact destination of Mr. Peck. Had he known of her nearby presence, Mr. Peck would have had doubts.

Mrs. Peck was a sleuth when put to the test. She rode on the same elevated train up Third Avenue, saw the same scandalizing show which Mr. Peck witnessed in the evening; and, finally, in spite of her suspicious appearance, obtained a room for the night at the same hostelry whither Mr. Peck had repaired upon the completion of his night abroad.

When Mr. Peck retired, in his room on the seventh floor, front, he slept only as a man may who has seen the sights and drunk the drinks. Mrs. Peck lay awake on the little bed in her second-floor front as only a woman will whose mind is filled with waking thoughts. Henry had tried a foxy trick, but had blundered. In the morning he would realize it.

It was 3:15 A. M. when fire broke out in the hotel. Mrs. Henry Perkins Peck was one of the first of the guests to reach the street in the awful glare and tumult. Henry Perkins Peck appeared not. The suspense was fearful; crimsoned smoke rolled from nearly every window; the upper part of the burning building was for a time ob-



PRIDE OF ANCESTRY.

NEWLY ARRIVED HIPPO.—Is your family a very old one?  
THE LION (*proudly*).—Very! One of my ancestors came over in the early seventies with P. T. Barnum.

scured; but at length Mrs. Peck saw Henry. With a boot in his hand and his city-trip stove-pipe hat jammed firmly over one ear, he stood, bewildered and agonized, on the ledge of his window seven stories up. Sheets of flame burst forth between him and the pavement.

It was a weird, lurid, frightful scene: engines puffing and throbbing, bells clanging, crowds surging, tragedy threatening.

They spread the life-saving net for Henry P. Peck, and the firemen shouted through megaphones at him; he was ordered to jump; he wavered, withdrew, reappeared, hesitated; though fierce heat beat upon him he dared not take that terrible leap. He was hopeless, motionless.

Mrs. Peck was maddened; gathering her skirts, she made a dauntless dash within the fire lines, grabbed a megaphone from an astonished fireman, placed it to her stern lips and yelled: "Henry Peck, you jump!"

The figure in the window seven stories from earth straightened like a soldier. Peck jumped. That instant. He knew the voice. He landed safely in the net, one boot still clutched in his left hand.

His training had saved his life.  
Fred. Ladd.



THE BLESSINGS OF WEALTH.

GLADYS.—It must be awful nice to have money enough to be charitable.  
ETHEL.—Yes; then one does n't need to be charitable to make folks think one has money.

THE DAY seems to be at hand when even indecency can't be made complicated enough to meet the exigencies of French farce.

**S**ome people are born with silver spoons in their mouths; some acquire silver spoons; but the number who have silver spoons thrust upon them is too small for serious consideration.



# COLGATE'S

PURIFIED-ANTISEPTIC

## VIOLET TALC POWDER



### AFTER SHAVING

The healing virtues of COLGATE'S Antiseptic Talc Powder show to excellent advantage when used after shaving. It soothes and heals, prevents chapping and redness, leaving the face cool and comfortable. COLGATE'S Talc Powder is used in many of the best Shaving Parlors of the country — ask your barber to use it on you.

### AFTER A DAY'S OUTING

After exposure to sun or wind use the powder freely, allowing it to remain on the affected parts over night. That burning sensation will be quickly allayed, and, if the powder is applied promptly, will prevent the skin from peeling.

The medicinal quality of this Powder is so excellent that it is used in all the leading New York and London Hospitals. It is prepared from a formula of an eminent physician, in charge of a Baby Hospital.



### FOR THE FEET

Keeping the feet cool and comfortable in warm weather is possible by using COLGATE'S Antiseptic Talc Powder. Sprinkle some in the shoes and on the feet; also rub it gently on the feet before retiring, especially if they are chafed and sore.

### WITH EXERCISE AND BATHING

After a bath and a good rub, COLGATE'S Antiseptic Talc Powder gives the finishing touch of coolness and comfort. It soothes the skin and keeps with you the good effects of the bath.

Use the powder freely before walking or more violent exercise, and you will save yourself much chafing and discomfort from which almost every one suffers more or less in warm weather. Athletes are appreciating the benefits of COLGATE'S Talc Powder and are using it freely.

*If your dealer has not this powder, on receipt of twelve 2c. stamps we will mail you a full-size package*

**COLGATE & CO., 55 John Street, New York**

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LIST OF THE HIGHEST  
GRADE PIANOS.

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5th Ave., cor. 22d St. in Greater New  
York.

### MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER for After Shaving.



Insist that your barber uses Mennen's Toilet Powder after he shaves you. It is Antiseptic, and will prevent any of the many skin diseases often contracted. A positive relief for Prickly Heat, Chafing and Sunburn, and all afflictions of the skin. Removes all odor of perspiration. Get Mennen's—the original. Sold everywhere, or mailed for 25 cents. Sample Free. GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.

"A Genuine Old Brandy made from Wine."  
—Medical Press (London), Aug. 1899.

## MARTELL'S THREE STAR BRANDY

AT ALL BARS and RESTAURANTS.



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Established 1823.

## WILSON WHISKEY.

That's All!

THE WILSON DISTILLING CO.,  
Baltimore, Md.

TIMES HAVE CHANGED.

THE-MAN-WITH-THE-HARD-LUCK.—Opportunity used to knock at every  
man's door.

THE-OTHER-FELLOW.—Well?

THE-MAN-WITH-THE-HARD-LUCK.—Now she has n't the courtesy to even  
run her automobile on our street.—*Baltimore News.*

Since the days of Robin Hood  
lovers of out door life have  
depended upon ale to open  
the way to the full enjoyment  
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All kinds of Paper made to order.



NOTHING MYTHICAL ABOUT THEM.

SHE.—But if Adam was a myth! Why, if such doctrines are accepted,  
the whole fabric of the church will fall to pieces!

HE.—I'm afraid so. There won't be anything left but the mortgages.

SHE LOVED HIM.

SINGLE MAN (*to himself*).—I am sure that darling little angel loves me!  
She takes me into her confidence, and tells me all her troubles.

SAME MAN (*some years later*).—Consarn it all! From morning till night,  
and night till morning, when I'm at home, I hear nothing but tales about the  
servants, the butcher, the butler, the baker, the candlestick-maker and all the  
rest of 'em!—*New York Weekly.*

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BURROUGHS.—Sure! I'll buy you a drink, if that's what you mean.—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

EVERY man has noticed that after his wife has returned from a visit from her folks it has to be decided all over again Who's Who.—*Atchison Globe.*

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HE WAS.

"Does your son intend to work his way through college?" asked the Summer boarder of the farmer.

"Yas; I reckon he do," replied the farmer; "he's goin' to take one o' them eddication - teached - by - mail things, an' he kin keep right on workin' th' farm fer me!"—*Cincinnati Observer.*

"PAPA," said Tommy Treadway.

"Now, Tommy," replied Mr. Treadway, "I shall answer only one more question to-day. So be careful what you ask."

"Yes, Papa."

"Well, go on."

"Why don't they bury the Dead Sea?"—*Ram's Horn.*

FIRST PASSENGER.—Why do you think the temperance lecturer just took a drink?"

SECOND PASSENGER.—Because we just went through a tunnel.—*Princeton Tiger.*



## THE CLUB

are the original bottled Cocktails. Years of experience have made them THE PERFECT COCKTAILS that they are. Do not be lured into buying some imitation. The ORIGINAL of anything is good enough. When others are offered it is for the purpose of larger profits. Insist upon having the CLUB COCKTAILS, and take no other.

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"B'gee! I believe you're the strongest man in Coney Island to-day!"

"Hear that, Hannah? And this here gentleman ought to know."

Each returning season—every season of the year—brings demand for Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters—the best blood and nerve renewer.

## Poor Beer vs. Pure Beer

Both cost you alike, yet one costs the maker twice as much as the other. One is good and good for you; the other is harmful. Let us tell you where the difference lies.

### POOR BEER

is easy to brew.

The materials are cheap.

The brewing may be done under any sort of surroundings.

Cleanliness is not important, for the users never see it brewed.

Any water will do. No air is too impure for the cooling.

No filtering, no sterilizing; almost no ageing, for ageing ties up money.

What is the use of expense and care when there is no reputation to defend?

When few people who drink it know even the name of the maker.

### PURE BEER

calls for the best materials—the best money can buy.

The brewery must be as clean as your kitchen; the utensils as clean.

The cooling must be done in filtered air, in a plate glass room.

The product must be aged for months, until thoroughly fermented, else biliousness results.

The beer must be filtered, then sterilized in the bottle.

You're always welcome to that brewery, the owners are proud of it.

And the size of it proves the eventual success of worth.

To maintain its standard, we double the necessary cost of our brewing. Don't you prefer a pure beer, a good beer, a healthful beer, when it costs no more than common?

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For the Pennsylvania Chautauqua, to be held at Mt. Gretna, Pa., July 1 to August 5, 1902, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell special excursion tickets from New York, Philadelphia, Chestnut Hill, Phoenixville, Wilmington, Perryville, Frederick, Md., Washington, D. C., East Liberty, Butler, Indiana, Connellsville, Bedford, Clearfield, Martinsburg, Bellefonte, Waterford, Canandaigua, Wilkesbarre, Tomhicken, Mt. Carmel, Lykens, and principal intermediate points, to Mt. Gretna and return, at reduced rates. Tickets will be sold June 25, to August 5, inclusive, and will be good to return until August 13, inclusive. For specific rates, consult ticket agents.

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When they are turned loose  
Into molten lava  
Play the very deuce!  
—*Washington Star.*

Do NOT spoil a story just for the sake of having it correct.—*Washington Democrat.*

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HAPPINESS.

Some women measure happiness by their opportunities for speaking their minds.—*Detroit Free Press.*



CONSOLING.

THE DUCK.—What? They're talking of draining all the marshes around here?

THE FROG.—Yes; but I'm not worried. These public improvements are generally dead-slow.

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In plain or sweetened Carbonic Waters makes a delicious Summer drink.

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SHE.—Do you think two can live as cheap as one?  
HE.—Yes; but not as peaceably.  
—*Yonkers Statesman.*



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In response to the many requests for original drawings of pictures that have appeared in PUCK, the Publishers are now selling them to persons wishing them to use for decorative purposes. These drawings by PUCK'S artists are in various methods,—pen-and-ink, "wash," crayon, pencil, etc. The original drawing is from three to four times as large as the printed reproduction.

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### HE LEARNS SOMETHING.

GRANDPA.—My father used to tell me that all play and no work made Jack a lazy boy.

HARRY.—Did he? Is that chestnut as old as that?

### HIS CONCLUSION.

"I understand that you have made a life-study of volcanos," said the interviewer.

"I have," answered the scientist.

"What do you regard as the most important conclusion to be deduced from your researches?"

"Simply this: If you live near a crater that starts to smoke take steamship passage for somewhere else."—*Washington Star*.

### SYMPATHY.

HOJACK.—Here's an account of how a man wrote a love-letter and got into trouble about it.

TOMDIK.—I can sympathize with that fellow. That's how I happened to get married.—*Detroit Free Press*.

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GUEST.—And this little fellow?

PROUD FATHER.—Oh! He's only eleven months old. He's learning to use the typewriter.—*Detroit Free Press*.

### A DIFFERENT POINT OF VIEW.

"What's that crowd watching?"

"Oh! It's the man who guesses at your weight."

"Is n't that interesting! And who is the attraction for the other crowd over there?"

"That's the man who guesses at your age."

"Is n't that disgraceful! I don't understand how the police can permit it."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

### PEACEFUL RHODE ISLAND.

"What's this small space on the map near your State marked 'R. I.'? inquired the foreigner.

"That," replied the facetious New Yorker, "should be R. I. P., but the place is so small that there was no room for the 'P.'"—*Catholic Standard and Times*.

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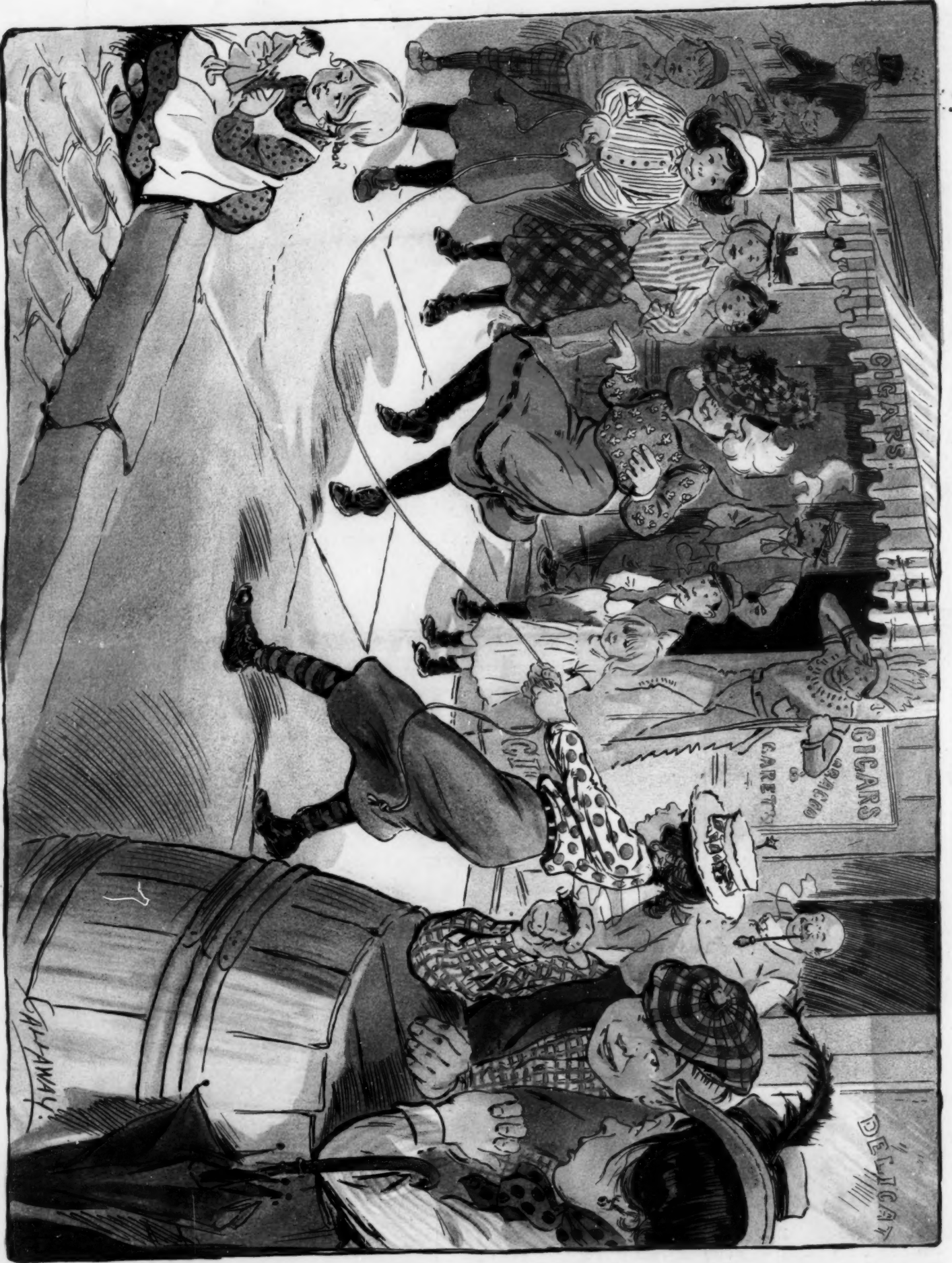
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# A REMINISCENCE.

He.—'T ain't so long since you was a kid like her!  
She.—No! I kin remember when I 'd jest as soon skip a rope as go to Coney Island wit' a feller!

GARYAWAY